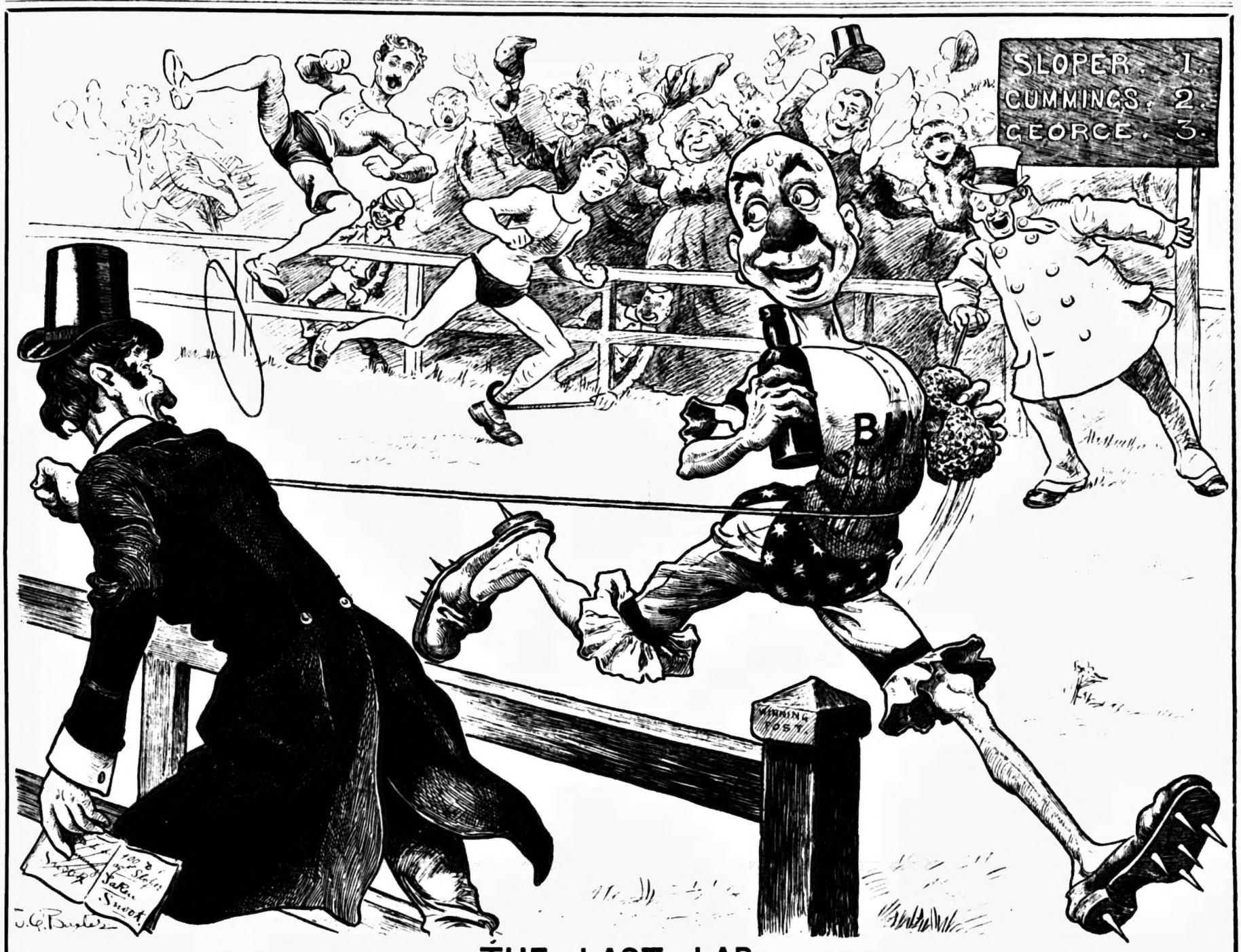
Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. II.—No. 78.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1885. [ONE PENNY.

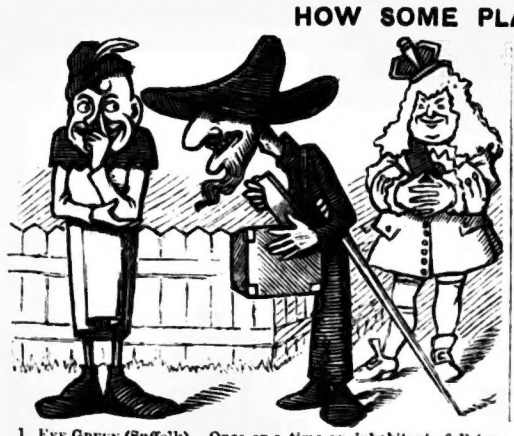


THE LAST LAP.

"You know, of course, dear, that Cummings beat George a few weeks back, but then he hadn't tackled Poor Pa, so the Dook and Billy arranged a race between the three for a pool of £100 each and the Championship of the World. It came off this morning. Poor Pa, if possible, surpassed himself. It was truly a noble sight, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was beyond description. I quite felt for poor Cummings and George. They were literally nowhere. Poor Pa is now the Champion Runnist."

[EXTRACT FROM MISS SLOPER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW SOME PLACES GOT THEIR NAMES.—No. III.



1. EYE-GREEN (Suffolk).—Once on a time an inhabitant of Peterboro' was accosted by a Jew Pedlar, who tried to "have him" over his wares, but the inhabitant asked him *if he saw any green in his ocular organ*. The King, overhearing the witty reply, was so pleased (the Jews being in ill favour at the time) that he caused the spot where the event took place to be called *Eye-Green* for ever.

2. HADHAM (Herts).—Evidently the natives of these parts were formerly not so quick-witted as those of Peterboro' for we find no mention of Hadham until after we read that a gentleman from London had manipulated there for some time with three thimbles and a pea. The argument is borne out by the place at the time being called *Had'em*.

3. ISLINGTON (Middlesex).—Alas, Islington, Merry Islington! receives its title from a far from merry incident. Here there once lived a wicked Baron, who used to take his lovely young wife about with him chained, as you see above. In fact, he never stirred without *his linked one*, or, as the poor people used to say, *Is'linked'un*. The name you see is obvious.

DEADLY DUMPLINGS.

ON the morning of the 26th of July, 1815, Eliza Fenning arose at the hour of four, and after carefully washing herself, and spending some time in prayer, dressed herself neatly in a white muslin gown and cap.

About eight o'clock she walked steadily to the spot were criminals were bound; and whilst the executioner secured her hands and wound the halter round her neck stood erect and seemingly unmoved.

At this moment a gentleman who had manifested a deep interest in her case, adjured her in the name of the God, in whose presence she was about to appear, if she knew anything of the crime for which she was about to suffer. She replied calmly and distinctly, "Before God I am innocent."

The question was again asked by the Rev. Mr. Vazie, the Ordinary, and a prisoner named Oldfield, who was about to die with her for some other crime, and to each she repeated "I am innocent."

She died almost instantly. She was but twenty-one years of age.

Her father was a Suffolk man, and so, as a matter of course, fond of dumplings. Eliza at home had learnt how to make them, and seemingly prided herself on her skill. She was in service as cook to a Mr. Orlibar Turner, law stationer, at number sixty-eight, Chancery Lane, with whom lived also his wife, his son, and his son's wife, two apprentices, and another female servant, Sarah Peer.

When she had been at the place about seven weeks, and

during the absence of the elder Mrs. Turner, the wife of Robert Gregson Turner, the son, detected some improprieties occurring between Eliza and one of the apprentices, a young man of about eighteen, in consequence of which high words ensued, and young Mrs. Turner ordered her out of the house.

"I threatened to discharge her," was stated in evidence, "and gave her warning to quit; but she showing contrition, I forgave her and retained her. For the remaining month, I observed she failed in the respect that she before paid me, and appeared extremely sullen."

Eliza's version of the affair was: "I said it is Gadsden (the apprentice) that has taken liberty with me. The next morning I said, 'I hope you don't think anything of what passed last night.' She was in a great passion, and said she would not put up with it. I was to go away directly. I didn't look upon Mrs. Turner as my mistress, but upon the old lady. In the evening the old lady came to town. I said, 'I am going away to-night.' Mrs. Turner said, 'Do not think any more about it; I don't.' She asked Mrs. Robert Turner if she was willing for me to go. She said, 'No; she thought no more about it.'"

Sarah Peer, the other servant, said, "I recollect the warning given to Eliza Fenning. After that I heard her say she should not like Mr. or Mrs. Robert Turner no more."

These circumstances are all that need be borne in mind, until one day, when Eliza for the first time expressed a desire to make some dumplings. This wish Mrs. Robert Turner seemed to have opposed, and made several objections. Eventually Eliza, without orders, sent for some yeast, and the dumplings were made, as was also a beef-steak pie. All who ate of the dumplings and sauce were violently ill, Eliza among the rest.

The young man Gadsden, about whom she had got into trouble, coming into the kitchen where the remains of the dumplings were, and proceeding to eat one, she said, "Gadsden, do not eat of that: it is cold and heavy, and will do you no good." Upon which he ate only a piece as large as a walnut, but sopped some bread in the sauce. He was seized with pains and sickness, and "thought he should die."

A doctor was sent for who seems to have known very little about the properties of poisons. A packet of arsenic was missed from a drawer by Gadsden, who also swore that he and his fellow apprentice had seen Eliza go to that drawer several times. Eliza swore she had never been to it at all, and she demanded the production of the other apprentice. This the Recorder refused.

The Recorder made a great point of Eliza's having rendered no assistance to her master and mistress when they were suffering. Eliza's father swore that after his daughter had eaten of the dumplings he was not allowed to see her, but that at the time she was lying in great agony below stairs, but the Recorder refused to listen to him, saying he was too late. In a few minutes the jury arrived at a verdict of guilty, and the miserable girl was carried from the bar convulsed and uttering frightful screams.

Her miserable parents on application for her body were not prepared to pay the executioner's fee of fourteen shillings and sixpence. They however borrowed the money, and then were permitted to remove the corpse. She was buried at St. George the Martyr, near Brunswick Square.

Mobs gathered round the Turner's house for many days, hooting and hissing. The greatest excitement prevailed, and it was universally believed that this young person suffered innocently, but in the Annual Register of 1857, p. 143, it is stated on the authority of Mr. Gurney that she confessed the crime to a Baptist minister shortly before her execution.

* * * * *

For a moment silence reigned in the ancestral scullery, where, by the light of a surreptitiously-obtained short-six, two bright-eyed boys had been perusing the above particulars, and then one said: "Uncle Benjamin is fond of dumplings."

"But how about the arsenic, William?" said the other, for 'twas Alexandry who spoke.

"There's beetle-poison in the kitchen cupboard," said Blood Stained Bill, in deep, hollow tones. And they crept forth on tip-toe to look for it.

(To be continued in our next.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS

*** **Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest.**

MATILDA MUMBLECHUMP.—*No, thank you.*——E. THOMPSON (1, New Inn).—ALLY *is much obliged for* "Snatcher's" *collar, which you found in Shoe Lane. It is now on exhibition in the shop window.*——"MENA."—*Tootsie's love, and poor Papa seldom, if ever, takes anything but* "unsweetened."——AUGUSTUS (Dulwich).—*Tootsie says you* are *mashed, and no mistake; but it's no good—you must try in the next street.*—"PUSSY" (Ebury Street).—*You are mistaken, we think. We do not say,* Omnes. Exit, *as we mean, is right.* Exeunt *would be wrong.*——E. E. (Bridport Street).—*Thanks for the suggestion, but* ALLY *has no intention, just at present, of joining the* Blue Ribbon Army. *The* Ancient Order of Mouldy Caboozers *is more in the Eminent's line.*——W. H. NEWMAN (Cambridge).—*Is there anything* else *you would like?*——PAWNBROKER'S ASSISTANT.—*What is the umbrella like? Please describe it, for the sake of* ALLY.——R. T. POWELL (Bermondsey)—*Sorry we've no room.*——BOB (Denmark Park).—*You must have had a good time at Deal. The Eminent will be there next summer.*——J. E. COVENTON (Gray's Inn Road).—*T.O.E. means* The Only Eminent, *and T.W.M.* The Warm Member. *What a man you are, to be sure, to ask such questions!*——CHARLIE ROSS (Hothfield Place, Ashford).—*Rather old, is it not? Herewith Tootsie's Portrait, with love and kisses.*——MRS. FLANKINGIRON'S.—*The piece of hair you send belongs to McGooseley, and not to* ALLY. *It is now, however, amongst* "The Sloperian Relica."——ONE IN TROUBLE (King's Cross).—*You are mistaken. The comb, which you say you found in Fleet Street, is Cousin Evelina's. Anyhow, it's in the office window now and is much admired.*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

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And the **"SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT,"** *will be given for the most appropriate*

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

sent to the Boy Sloper, who was born November 5th (Guy Fawkes Day). The value of the Present will not in any way affect Alexandry in his selection, and all Presents, except the Prize One, will be returned, if stamps be sent for that purpose. Address,

THE BOY ALEXANDER,
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

*** *The list will close* SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31ST.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Litigious Customer. Oh, Mr. Butcher, I've been so ill! I think I ate too much of the fat of that loin of mutton.

Reticent Butcher (suggestively) Hump! Suet!

L. C. (delighted with the idea). Sue it—for damages, of course! Capital idea! So I will. [*Exit to consult his legal adviser.*

***

ONE afternoon, on meeting Boswell, Johnson condescended to ask him how he was. "I'm very ill," replied Boswell. "Very ill indeed, sir, thank you." "Don't thank me, sir," exclaimed the Doctor, "I am not responsible for your ailments; thank yourself, and your guzzling, gorging habits, but don't thank me."

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 78.—The "Dairy Show" Costume.

Miss Mumblechump. Brighton Bigamy Case indeed! I should like to catch anyone bigamising me. As to Miss Dash, well——

Old Whiffles is very fond of shooting, and fancies if the birds don't see him he stands a better chance. More larks!

The fair Oceana, at the Aquarium, kissing her hand to ALLY and McGOOSELEY.

Brighton Lodging-House Keeper upset at the increased price of coals.

Like the Queen, he has only a million invested in ground rents. That's all!

A few extracts from a recent public investigation:—"My word is as good as my bond ('oh!' and laughter)." "When you talk of an upright woman's character, I have a right to mention these facts (cheers)." "We don't want a barrister, and especially a very young barrister, to come down and tell us about H—— (cheers and laughter)." "It is sometimes necessary when we meet such people as you, who set the orders of any court at defiance when you are allowed to do so." "I don't know who you are, and I don't think it necessary to reply." "(Laughter)," "(cheers)," "(sensation)" "(loud cheers in court), "(applause in court, which was with difficulty suppressed)." "The Coroner: 'If there is any more shouting or noise in court I will have every one turned out except those engaged in the case.'" "(Loud cheers in court)," "(cheers)," "(cheers)," "(hisses)," and so on.

***

YOU know the Marquis of Carabas?—quite one of *us*. Well, he went a few weeks ago to visit his estates, and interviewed friend Hodge in a most affable manner—as one of *us* would. "Have you any complaints?" he asked. "Barring a touch of rheumatics last winter, your worship's lordship," answered Hodge, "ne'er a one since I was weaned." After that, says the Marquis, it is worse than absurd to talk of distress in the agricultural districts. "What did you do?" I asked. "Do," replied his lordship, lighting an eighteenpenny cigar; "why, I raised the confounded fellow's rent next day."

***

WHAT, count our kisses o'er again!
As well go count the golden grain
That fair Sarmatia yearly yields
From all her richly teeming fields;
As well go count each starry gem
That shines in heaven's diadem,
Or count the flakes of snow that rest
On Pelion's or on Ossa's crest.
Yet, though your kisses fell like rain,
For one you gave you three shall gain,
And, if you doubt the reckoning, I
Will many millions more supply.

***

A FRIEND of mine has been enlarging to me upon the excitement of wild turkey shooting. I am an enthusiast for all sport, and love to track the rabbit to his lair, and to rouse the wily rooster from his barn-door den. In my time I have shot almost everything shootable, including several dogs and a keeper. I confess I like large game, it is so much easier to hit, and I have often thought that a tame elephant would be a good thing to keep on the premises; his size would make him a capital target, with the advantage that no amount of ordinary bullets would be likely to do him a permanent injury.

***

THE Simmeryaxe hounds had a glorious run last week. They found in Stopson Copse, and the fox, getting well away, led the field at a rattling pace across Upside Down, through Jenny's Spinny, where there was a little cheque—which was presented to the master to defray expenses—then over the Slosh, where half the field got thrown in, across Blackey Moor, where some of the boldest riders were thrown out, and others thrown off, and on by Steepleton, Crackfield, Barkham, and Brushingby, where Reynard was pulled down in the open, after one of the sharpest two hours and three-quarters on record. I'm not a sporting writer by profession, but you see what I can do in that line when I try. Yoicks!

***

I HOLD that the one great test of true natural nobility is affability to the lower orders. Whenever I see an inferior possessed of that which I desire, I make no scruple of asking for it, a proceeding which commended itself to our ancestral barons and earls, who even carried their urbanity to the extent, on occasions, of helping themselves. The noble scion of a ducal house with whom I was lately walking in Piccadilly, did not hesitate to request a light for his cigar from the pipe of an aged apple-woman, though, having obtained it, it is but fair to add he resented as a personal affront her too familiar suggestions that he should invest a penny in the purchase of the fruits she vended for her living.

***

I WAS in the army once; but we soon got tired of each other, and parted to our mutual satisfaction. I bought my commission in the Lowther Arcade, and took my regiment home with me in a box under my arm. Some dissatisfaction subsequently arose at head-quarters, in consequence of my making a change in the uniform by sucking the red paint off the company's tunics. Soldiering disagreed with me. This is the true cause of my resigning my command, in spite of the cruel slanders circulated by the lying tongues of rumour.

***

THERE have been several cases of hydrophobia recently in the Southof Ireland. A dog bit a Boycotter, and immediately foamed at the mouth, and shortly afterwards went raving mad. Those who value their dogs should take warning by this and not suffer them to run loose in the neighbourhood of a Fenian, for although the biting of the biped may be a praiseworthy action, it comes rather hard upon the superior animals.

***

THOUGH shillings and pounds will follow by bounds
(As moss on a still stone grows),
The man who with sense takes care of the pence,
That man will follow his nose.

After cause, I expect, then follows effect,
Though this some professors oppose
By tearing in tatters our theories of matters;
Yet man still follows his nose.

Though the trout in the brook will follow the hook
When it wakes from its midday doze,
Yet masterly man, with his obsolete plan,
Continues to follow his nose.

But when you entice to follow advice
A woman, *then*, I suppose,
The fashion will change to another as strange,
And man *won't* follow his nose.

***

FROM a letter published in the columns of an esteemed fashionable contemporary, I learn that the London clubs have developed lately a new nuisance in the shape of the Toothpick-Masticator. The Chinese opium-eater, the maritime tobacco-chewer, the American gum-sucker, and the universal back-biter, are none of them in it with the member who "makes a disgusting noise while munching his toothpick." I can only suppose that this act is the natural outcome of sucking the heads of knob-sticks—a practice much in vogue with the youthful aristocracy, a practice which, however elegant, is doubtless unsatisfactory as a method of taking nutriment, calling for the more substantial diet of the toothpick to allay the pangs of hunger, which trouble at times even the most fashionable of us.

***

I WAS talking a day or two ago to a peer—he was only an Irish one, I confess. "It is very hard," said he, "that, considering the stake I have in the country, I have no vote in the House of Lords on the momentous questions affecting 'ould Oireland so green.'" Without a moment's hesitation, I responded—

"——a Peer he at the gate
Of Parliament disconsolate."

He looked at me steadily for a minute, then, turning on his heel, walked rapidly away. Upon my word, there is no satisfying the disaffected Irish.

***

THE accounts I receive from members of my club—I mean some members of one of my clubs—as to their success this autumn in the noble pastime of deerstalking, fill me with amazement. I have always considered this sport required strength, agility, activity, endurance, good sight, good nerve, and a thousand other qualifications, which I fail to find in the elderly, obese, spectacled gentlemen who puff for five minutes after mounting the club steps. I am inclined to fancy some of these noble sportsmen keep a tame fawn in their back yard, practise at it from their bedroom windows with a catapult, and order their venison from Groves's.

TOOTSIE ON ARTISTS' MODELS.

I SUPPOSE but cannot say positively, there are just a few sane creatures left alive.

Mr. Carlyle said the world was inhabited by so many millions of people, mostly fools. It is, however, an open question whether, as he ought to have done, he included himself.

British Matron (or Geeser) shocked at the Venus de Medici.

Among the Colney Hatch clippings this week I read that:—"A sweeping denunciation of nude models by a Royal Academician, with 'terrible revelations' respecting the methods pursued and their demoralising influence upon lady artists and sculptors, has been the leading feature of the second sitting of the Church Congress at the small Lecture Hall in Penny Street, Portsmouth, and there was a fairly large audience, half of whom were ladies of various ages."

The chief performers on the platform were a comic architect and a comic picture painter, by the names of Sedding and Horsley. The latter's work is, I believe, on view somewhere or other, and the former, if not in active employ, is apparently only too anxious to get the job of touching up St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and Aldgate Pump.

Their humorous utterances afforded great gratification to the Penny Purists, who appeared to treat their utterances quite seriously.

The painter gentleman was particularly droll. He said, "I note the curious unanimity with which the various writers, ignoring the use of the good English word 'naked,' adopt expressions of French origin—'nude' and 'undraped,' euphemistic verbiage, evidently intended to partially clothe the naked fact it contains."

This set all the old "geesers," as Alexandry calls them, on the *qui vive*, and the young ones in a flutter. Unfortunately this is only a penny comic, so I can't give him word for word; but the gist of his observations was that, since the days of Adam, when Adam first very properly pointed out to Eve the impropriety of going about "mid nod-

Clytie, with a Tippet on. Horror of Tootsie and the Boys.

dings on," as Hans Breitmann says, all the proper-minded gentlemen had pointed out the impropriety of exhibiting the female figure in schools, were people go to learn how legs and arms are joined on, for the sake of drawing them the right way round.

He explained that the models themselves objected to be made exhibitions of, which I daresay accounts for so many fragments of different young ladies being required for one perfect figure, and the fact that the face in the painting, if it belongs to anybody at all, which is doubtful, has an owner who never met with the legs attributed to her in all her life.

He told a touching tale about a girl who heard that money was to be obtained by going to a "Life Academy," but did not know why; and, finding herself suddenly without her boots, on a platform, in front of male, masculine men persons, fainted away. I have heard the same tale before, but it was told of a poor young man. Anyhow, it seems to me the young person would have shown more propriety had she retired from view before she fainted. The remarks concerning lady artists and their models, in maiden bashfulness I am compelled to skip, but I have no doubt you may buy them in the Gutter Gazette, or the War Howl, or some of the Christian penn'orths with startling contents sheets. Lord Bob says it will be a high old time for art when the Penny Purists have their way. When the Venus de Medici is only shown in petticoats so as not to shock the geesers, the bust of Clytie is buttoned up in a tippet, and the lady artist only allowed to draw from young men certified correctly covered up by Snip and Sons, the wholesale outfitters. One thing, the poor dear girls I saw at Portsmouth may congratulate themselves upon, they will never be wanted for *their* figures. By-the-way, why not make it a criminal offence to have any figure at all?

What Mr. Horsley would like to see at the Art Schools.

No matter what Party you belong to

EVERY MAN MUST VOTE FOR A. SLOPER,

The Public Benefactor.

Until a few days back, A. SLOPER, ESQ., F.O.M., T.O.E., T.W.M., *etc., etc., had carefully abstained from taking any active part in the Political World. Owing, however, to the pressure brought to bear upon him by* THE FAMILY, *and the Nobility and Gentry of the neighbourhood, he has kindly consented to come forward fearlessly at the coming Election as the*

MEMBER FOR SHOE LANE.

His chances of election do not worry the Eminent one bit. Of his return he feels quite certain. What really perturbs the Master Mind *is—To which Party shall he attach himself?* Conservative, Liberal, or Radical? *Ever anxious to please the majority,* ALLY *will do anything that benefits mankind generally. At a very influential meeting held at "The Sloperies," it was decided unanimously to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the purchasers of "*ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." *To do this, all that has to be done is for each purchaser of the paper to address a*

½d. POST CARD

to A. SLOPER, ESQ., "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C., *with either of the following words written on the back:—*

1.—Conservative.
2.—Liberal.
3.—Radical.

The largest number received of any one of the three to decide the Party to which A. SLOPER *is to belong. As this is a most Momentous Question, and may seriously affect the*

FUTURE GOVERNMENT

of this Great and Glorious Country, it is earnestly hoped that everyone will send a post-card. "It can only cost you a halfpenny now, and it may save you hundreds of pounds in years to come." The Lists will be kept open until Saturday, November 7th, and on November 21st the world may expect the result of the Poll, and

A. SLOPER'S MANIFESTO,

a Special Supplement Gratis, crowded with Illustrations by W. G. BAXTER, *guaranteed to curl the hair of every living creature.*

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

Since it has become known that SLOPER *is coming forward at the General Election, intense excitement prevails at the Gaiety Bar, most of the pubs in the Strand, and at all the West-End Clubs. The subjoined List shows the state of the Public mind on the subject:—*

1.—Conservative - -	999 to 1 on ALLY.
2.—Liberal - - -	1,000 to 1 on ALLY.
3.—Radical - - -	998 to 1 on ALLY.

A REALLY AWFUL EVENT IN THE LIFE OF A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE PERSON.

[COMMUNICATED.]

I AM an editor.

Not the editor of a so-called comic, but a serious editor of something solemn. I flatter myself, too, there is a certain weight about me, an impressiveness calculated to awe. Until the day before yesterday our office boy shook in his shoes when I dropped my eye on him.

Alas! this is all at an end.

How can I bring myself to describe the way this came about? If I must tell the truth, I never should have revealed the awful circumstances did I not feel certain that that accursed boy would be the first to do so behind my back. Therefore I speak without reserve. After me the boy! And let him do his worst.

I have been my life through an earnest, energetic man. I fix my mind on an object and go straight for it, turning neither to the right nor the left. I keep in the middle of the road, and keep my gaze rivetted on objects on a level with my eye. I once fell over a wheelbarrow.

A man so constituted does not trouble himself about his boot-heels, but crossing my legs in the office where I was laying down the law to a couple of Prime Ministers and a bishop, I observed for the first time that my boot-heels wanted setting up. The Prime Ministers and the bishop noticed it too.

Sallying forth awhile after, I came across one of those newly-opened cobblers' shops where they mend your shoes while you wait. I took my boots off, and then saw for the first time that I had a hole in the toes of both my socks. I asked for a pair of slippers. The man had none. So I curled my feet up as much as possible so as to show as little as I could of the holes, and beguiled the time by the perusal of our last number. Suddenly I heard footsteps and a voice I knew. My office boy and a friend had come to have their shoes mended. Hastily I opened and spread out to its full size the paper I was holding, thus concealing my face. The boys took a seat opposite to me and whispered.

Presently one chuckled and one said, "Patent ventilators, I call 'em." Then the other said, "I'll have your left-hand big toe, guv'nor." Then the man came up and said, "I've done what I can for these boots, sir, but the welt's gone."

There was no help for it: I had to lower the paper and reveal my identity.

I am not the man I was the day before yesterday.

THE NEW MAN.

[*Though how this person's copy got set up again, goodness only knows.*—ALLY.]

ON THE UNSEASONABLENESS OF THE WEATHER.

"WHAT a jolly day!" said I to my hairdresser.

"I'm glad you find it so," said he, sighing.

"But what's wrong with it?" I asked.

"I don't know that anything is particular wrong with it," said he; "but just let me ask you, now, is it seasonable?"

"It isn't so beastly cold as we usually get it at this time of the year," said I, "if that's what you mean."

He grunted.

"What makes you want cold weather?" I continued. "Don't you burn coals enough as it is? Have you any aged relatives you want settled? or is it that you yourself desire chilblains or chapped hands? Let me assure you that even to-day, mild as it is, those cold, damp, flabby paws of yours, when they come in contact with my face, thrill me with disgust and loathing.'

"You had better get shaved at another shop next time," said he.

"I shall make a point of doing so; but to return to the subject under discusson, do you really think that there is any necessity for any cold weather at all!"

"No one in their senses could ask such a question. Ain't it to kill the worms?"

"Kill the worms! Ignoramus, have you not read Dr. Darwin's book? Do you not take in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"? The worm is man's best friend. Without the worm the farmer would be nowhere; not that, by the way, English farming comes to much even with worms; but that, again, is the weather."

"Do you want to fly in the face of nature, and dispute laws that are divine? If the cold weather was not of use, it would not be sent to us. By the way, you're getting awfully thin at the top."

"Never mind my top. Your last remark but one is simply idiotic. You say if the cold weather was of no use we should not have it. We have not got it. Good morning"

[NOTE—*Once for all, we cannot keep a man of this sort on the paper.*—A. SLOPER.

THE AWFUL END OF A WELL-MEANING WAITER.

I AM really and truly the willing-mindedest, loosest-jointed young chap you ever came across, but the Fates have been dead against me.

I was brought up, perhaps, at the wrong school. They were rather slapdashy at Popkins's, in the Minories, but I've never since seen a house to touch them for gravy. Why, there was more gravy slopped about the floor, from one joint alone, at Popkins's, than you would get on to the plates from three joints at any other shop.

"I poured half the soup down her back."

It was because I was such an off-hand, rattling, go-ahead young chap that they took me on at the Piccadilly Station of the Underground Railway, when they opened the Restaurant. They expected a rush, and picked me out as a rusher. That's what they did.

There wasn't, somehow, much of a rush just at first, and about three o'clock in the day the first dinner came in (the joints had been kept hot since one), and she was an old lady with a knuckly expression of countenance, so to speak, very hard and bumpy, with a deal of nose and chin on.

I had been getting awfully tired, hanging about waiting, first on one leg and then on the other, and when she came in I made a charge at her—confound those slippery oil-cloths they have at some places—and butted her backwards into a chair.

She seemed a little surprised, but said nothing particular. I think she called me a clumsy fool, nothing more, and one expects that kind of thing in the way of business.

I think that old lady had some feeble notion in her head, when she first turned up, that she was going to dine for eighteenpence. However, I'm not the kind of waiter you do that sort of thing with easily. To begin with, it took a customer a goodish bit to get at the meaning of our bill of fare, which seemed to say that you could dine like a prince for less than a shilling, if you did not order anything with a * to it, only all the other things but the *'s were always just off when you gave your order.

This old lady, therefore, floundered about, and I rushed her for a three-and-six dinner, and put on two extra vegetables at sixpence each, and an extra red currant jelly, before she knew where she was.

I poured half the soup down her back as I handed it her, but as she could not see all that was going on behind, she only said she thought I was a bungling ja kass, in a casual way, and took the rest of the oxtail with evident relish. I felt that I was getting on first-rate.

"I got in heavily on her big toe."

It was between the fish and the joint I got in heavily on her big-toe, and she certainly did speak her mind a little loudly, but I'd just run her in for a half-crown half-bottle of burgundy, when she thought she was only ordering fifteen-pennyworth, so I did not feel sad.

It was, perhaps, when we came to the settling up part she really began to speak as though she had not been pleased with things.

She said she had not ordered half the things I had brought her, and that she did not know that they were extra, and that they had no right to be extra if they were, because half of them were too nasty to touch, and she said she would not pay; and then she incidentally mentioned that of all the knock-kneed, butter-fingered, dunderheaded, lop-sided, blundering, pottering, muddling, ignorant, insolent, incompetent nincompoops she had ever met with, I was by far the worst.

I could have passed this with a pitying smile, though I thought she was rather pumping the dictionary dry to get out all the nobbly ones, so to speak; but when she was shaking out the "panier," don't they

"She gave me such a one on the ear."

call it? at the back of her, and came on the rest of the oxtail, and a trifle of melted butter, that had somehow slipped out of the sauce-boat, she lost her temper, and gave me such a one on the ear, that I let half-a-dozen hot plates go all at once, and fell over on and broke the cruets.

Next day they looked for another young man who was less loose-jointed.

There's no gratitude about the generality of employers.

SOME PLAIN SPEAKING FOR PRETTY SPINSTERS.

PRETTY spinsters, on being introduced to male eligibles, should bend the head gracefully. N.B.—But if they can't bend it gracefully, they must bend it somehow else.

With regard to presents, the gifts made by pretty spinsters *to* male eligibles should be of the most refined nature, not purchased, but deriving a value above all price as emanating from their own sweet selves. Thus, what can be more valuable to a gentleman than a pair of nicely worked slippers? Recollect, too, that if they *do* pinch his poor feet, every pinch will remind him of the sweet giver. Remember also that, as they come very cheap, they will not pinch *you*.

On the other hand, the presents made by a male eligible to a pretty spinster should *not* "come cheap" The sweet simplicity of a P.S can suggest nothing more acceptable *to* the M.E of her choice than a little trifle worked by her own fair hands. At the same time, the P.S's sweet simplicity would, and should, expect a little trifle (or two) *from* the M.E, worked by the hands of—say, the best Bond Street jeweller or Regent Street ditto.

Pretty spinsters, dear unwrinkled ones all, take this wrinkle to your heart of hearts, and ponder well o'er the advice of ONE WHO KNOWS.

AT THE INVENTORIES.

"Hullo, Jack, what are you eating there?"
"Bless your eyes! I ain't eating nothing! I'm only chewing a bit o' baccy!"

Cabby. I dun'no about these subways in the City they are talking about. There won't be such opportunities for running people over then, no mistake.

MOST CONSIDERATE!

Jawkins (who always makes the best of a bad job). Well, I'm in luck this time! My horse wouldn't come over; but here's another one ready waiting for me on t'other side! [*Brave, Jawkins!*

NO GREAT SHAKES.

Little Tom Short. We must have walked close on five-and-thirty miles, so no wonder we're played out. It gives it to me in the ankles, I find.
Long Tom Tallboys. Ah, that's not where it catches me—my knees ache. But one must not grumble, for does not the great Shakespeare himself remark, "Shall I not ache my knees at mine inn?"

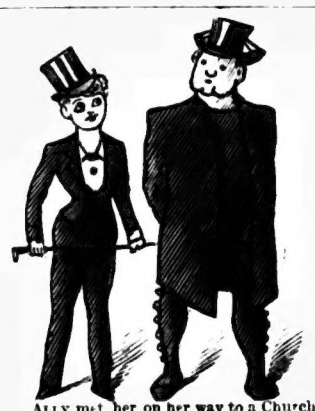
Once on board the lugger, the gy–u–u–urrl is mine!

NOT A SHIPWRIGHTIST.

Wilful damage of crops perpetrated by an ignorant foreigner in foreign parts

AWFULLY AWKWARD POSITION.

Of a young and zealous pianist who, by some stupid accident, turns up a couple of hours too soon, and is right off engaged for the first quadrille by the daughter of the house!



ALLY met her on her way to a Church and Stage Guild meeting at Exeter Hall not long ago. She was walking with the Bishop of——

A Pol(e)ish Jew: apply to Beyf and Bossus.

APPRECIATIVE.

First Navvy (in the wrong carriage, and unaccustomed to such luxury). This is fine, Bill!
Second Navvy. Like spring beds, ain't 'em?

"Too true!" thought our old friend, Major Penny, a few days since. "I, as an officer and an Englishman, naturally expected my commands to be obeyed, and here, when I tell that bold Italian female to go away, does she go? No; but she eyes me up and down in a most impudent manner (I happened to be wearing a new dressing-gown and smoking cap, the gift of Mrs. P., and remarks that I've got 'em on, in remarkably good English, and returns to her infernal organ again, and derisively grinds out 'I am an Englishman.'"

IN THE "STWAAND"
Masher Syrup (awfully heady).

FIRE! OR VESUVIUS ON HORSEBACK.

It is stated that Mr. McNab since his stay with SLOPER has become Anglicised, and has joined the Army in Glasgow as big drummist.

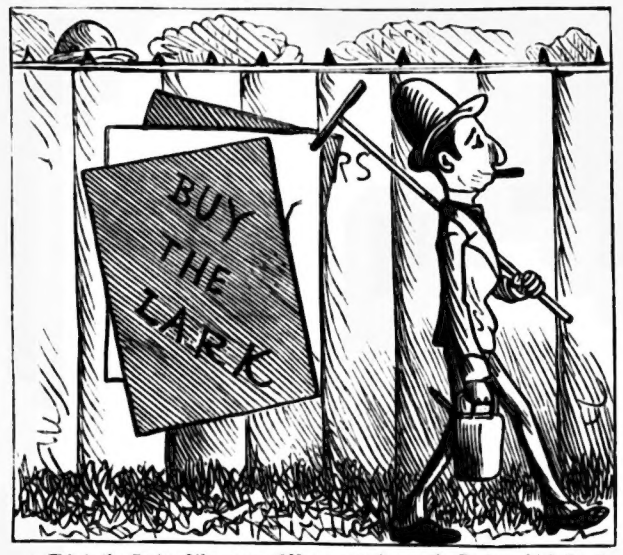
BILL-STICKERS BEWARE!

"No elaborate Picture Posters have been or will be exhibited on the hoardings during the run of 'The Early Worm,' the money thus saved being spent upon the 'Paper.'"—AUGUSTUS SLOPER and ALEXANDER HARRIS.

1. This is a little Old Gentleman whose Good Lady having gone down into the country for a week, thought it would be a capital opportunity to paint his Garden Palings.

2. This is a Party of the name of Moses, who was bringing out a new Daily, and doing his own posting to save expense.

3. This is another Party who also was bringing out a new Daily, in opposition to Mr. Moses, and doing his own Posting for reasons of economy.



4. This is the Party of the name of Moses covering up the Poster which the Opposition Party had had the confounded impudence to plaster over his.

5. This is the little Old Gentleman making up his mind to lie in wait, and drop some one—he didn't care who—a deuce of a "topper."

6. This is the little Old Gentleman's Good Lady, who arrived unexpectedly, and, seeing the nasty Bills, began to scratch them down with her Umbrella, when the little Old Gentleman very naturally supposing—— * * *

HER FIRST SUNDAY AT CHURCH.

Little Girl. Nurse please, give me a penny to give to the organ grinder; he's coming round begging with a dish.

YOICKS! HARK FOR'ARD! TALLY HO!
A bit of a Brush-Up!

THE WET WEATHER.
Can this be ALLY'S long-lost Gingham?

IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

"I'm glad it's only your leg," he said; "I never did begin a day without some misfortune, and now it's over it's all right." [*Is it?*

IN THE STALLS AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The middle-aged lady who never could understand what anybody could see in the ballet, and who thinks the Bishop of London must be a very nice man.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE Sloper Staff have been strangely restless during the last few days, and have severally given strict orders to the Half Office Boy to say that they are emigrated, dead, in the workhouse, or joined the Salvationists and are marching on to Land's End. For a while the Tottering Edifice whose name disfigures this cheerful print was at a loss to know what it all meant, till he read that the "Law Courts will be re-opened on Monday, the 26th, instead of Saturday, the 24th, which is the first day of the Michaelmas sittings. The Lord Chancellor will entertain the Judges, Benchers of the Inns of Court, Queen's Counsel, and others at breakfast at his private residence in the morning, after which they will drive to the Strand entrance of the Royal Courts of Justice, and go in procession, headed by the Lord Chancellor in his State robes, through the Central Hall, to their respective Courts." It can't have been the postponement that has troubled the "HALF-HOLIDAY" Staff. What is it then?

***

THE little triangular enclosure near Spring Gardens has been selected for the site for the stalls of Miss Burry and her sister (Mrs. Kitchen), who are privileged to maintain the old tradition of "Milk Fair." The original stalls are simply to be set back far enough to bring their refreshment counters, with the chairs and benches in front of them, just within the line of the railings. The space so taken, including sufficient room for one cow in each case, is to be railed off, so that the stalls under the shade of the tall trees will form, as it were, little bays or recesses, leaving the road and pathway perfectly clear. Shrubs and trees are, we understand, to be planted round, by way of a screen, though probably few persons will think that they detract from the picturesque aspect of this corner of St. James's Park.

***

WE may now fairly say we are on the road to winter. A heavy fall of snow took place the other day on the high grounds of some of the Highland counties. In the morning the barometer fell very rapidly, and before darkness set in it was seen that Ben Chonzie, Ben Laudi, and Ben Voirlich were covered with snow from the summits downwards for 1,500 feet. The Bens about those parts run tall, don't they? Sorter Big Bens.

***

IT is stated that female tram conductors are common objects in the towns of Chili. During the war with Peru, when most of the able-bodied men were drafted into the army, women were employed in the capacity, and proved themselves so successful that they have continued in the employment. They are usually girls from twenty to twenty-five, dressed in natty uniforms and jaunty Panama hats and white pinafores. Consequently A. Sloper is not surprised to hear that street-car riding has become a popular amusement in those parts.

***

IT is proposed to beg Her Majesty to mark the course of the fiftieth year of her reign in 1886 by reviewing the Volunteer troops as in 1881. The reviews then were held at Windsor and Edinburgh, when about one hundred thousand volunteers marched past before the Queen; and it is thought that by changing the site of the proposed southern review to Hyde Park a much larger attendance of English volunteers could be obtained than on the former occasion.

***

"HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL" for 1886 is just out, and contains an enormous quantity of pictures and reading for the money—one shilling. Among the many attractive pieces is a screaming farce by George R. Sims, entitled "The Mounted Patrol." This yearly budget of lively amusing literature, and playful, racy pictures, has just attained the sportive age of eighteen years, and ALLY trusts the public will hail its fresh jocund appearance, and plank down their bobs at once.

***

IN Dublin, the other day, before Mr. Justice Johnson, a motion was made in the case of an intended action by Mr. Alderman Alfred W. Harris, J.P., against Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., the proprietor of *Truth*, to recover £10,000. Mr. Harris said that on the 3rd July, 1884, an issue of *Truth* was printed and published by the defendant, the copies of which contained a letter headed "London Life," which was a gross and scandalous libel on the plaintiff, the charges made against him therein being utterly false. The alleged libel contained a number of charges made against usurers in general. It was alleged that certain persons, who were afterwards named, had been guilty of various improper acts, such as cheating minors, and issuing advertisements; and then a number of names were given, and among them that of Mr. Alfred Harris, whose address was given, and certain offensive remarks were attached to his name. More fun for Labby and the newspaper readers.

THE cabdrivers in the employment of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot the other day resumed work, having been on strike for several days previously. The men paid 16s. 6d. per day for a cab, and a demand for a reduction on that amount by 2s. was refused. Negotiations, however, were made, and it is understood that the men have consented to a reduction of 1s. The stables in Earl Street and its vicinity, upon the resumption of business, presented an animated aspect. Let us hope everything will go on all right now, because the Dook Snook can't ride in anything unless its an "S.T."

***

THE red deer intended for sport with Her Majesty's staghounds during the ensuing hunting season were captured the other day in Windsor Great Park. By noon a score of splendidly antlered stags had been run into the paddock. The gates were closed and stout nets placed across the meadow, round which the deer were driven several times until they had entangled themselves in the meshes, and rolled over and over in their efforts to escape from the toils. They were secured by the park labourers, and having been denuded of their horns were pushed into wooden boxes, and conveyed in farm carts to the Swinley Paddocks.

***

THE new premises of the London and County Banking Company, which are now being built opposite to the Palace gates at Kensington, occupy the site of Colby House. This latter, evidently erected less for show than for use, had all the air of Vanbrugh's handiwork. He is known to have been employed here, and to have designed that part of the old parish school in High Street which was pulled down in 1878 for the present Town Hall. Colby House was so called after a baronet of that name *temp.* George I., who, being worth £200,000, and having no near relatives, met his death by getting up from his warm bed on a winter night to fetch the key of his cellar, which he had forgotten, for fear his servant might help himself to a bottle of wine. Beneath the old but re'ronted house, next westwards, remains the former entrance to Colby House.

***

TOOTSIE understands that the population is increasing rapidly in these days. The wife of a dock labourer at Southampton has recently given birth to four children—one boy and three girls. One of the girls, however, died soon after birth. The Queen's bounty and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" are the next things expected in those parts.

***

THE anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar is somewhere now about; but some of the Staff have torn October out of the office dictionary. Nelson died for the glory of England, and only asked that the woman he loved might be cared for; which she was, by the workhouse authorities. The square named after Trafalgar is the place where people are permitted to hold meetings to denounce England and its laws, and turn its heroes into ridicule. Good business.

***

AT a time like the present, when every one is talking about the coming General Election, the presence of A. SLOPER, Esq., Public Benefactor, etc., at the demonstration of the Primrose League, last Saturday, at the Albert Palace, is calculated to cause some comment. We are in a position, however, to state that the visit of the Eminent *Littérateur* had no political meaning—the fact is, he's rather gone on one of the first fiddles in the Viennese Lady Orchestra.

***

IT has been decided to proceed at once with the building of a new pier and landing-stage, at the island of Sark, at a cost of £5,000. Steamers will then be able to go alongside at all states of the tide, and this will be a great convenience to the numerous English and other tourists who visit Sark each season.

***

A TEACHER has blown out his brains in a Paris cab. In a letter to his father he stated that he had contracted debts amounting to 3,000fr., and was therefore unworthy of living longer. He also stated, "I die at twenty years of age because I should have required a large amount of money, and had none."

***

A LITTLE girl, twelve years of age, is now being exhibited at the Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham. On each of her eyes is plainly depicted the figures of a miniature clock or watch face. The child can see perfectly well, and presents one of the greatest living natural curiosities. It is said her mother was suddenly frightened by grandfather's clock running down.

***

THE Eminent is surprised to read that a publican keeping the Green Man, Barnet, has been fined £10 and costs for selling whisky adulterated with water to an extent which rendered it as much as 39 deg. under proof, or 14 deg. below the legal standard. A. S. will avoid the Green Man next Barnet Fair if this sort of thing goes on.

***

THEY have got a play at the Haymarket that ought to romp in the coin. It is thoroughly well played, and very exciting. It isn't very much like Hugh Conway's story of "Dark Days," though called after that work. It is none the worse, though, for not being too like a foolishly overrated second-class bit of fiction. Mr. Beerbohm Tree supplies a remarkably forcible representation of Sir Mervyn Ferrand, and the study is evidently the result of much thought. Miss Lingard's success as the Pauline of *Called Back* induced the author to secure her services in *Dark Days*. The parts are somewhat similar—that is to say, in each the heroine is for the time distraught. As Philippa she arrests and enchains attention, as she did in the part of Pauline. Her tenderness for her lover is well expressed, and her restless horror at the thought of the crime she has (as she thinks) committed, reveals her once more as the possessor of considerable power.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 31st.

25th October, 1816.—In "Time's Telescope" for 1816, it is observed that the shoemakers of the present day are not far behind their predecessors in the manner of keeping this day—St. Crispin. The business of shoemaking is of great antiquity. The streets of Rome, in the time of Domitian, were blocked up by cobblers' stalls, which he caused to be removed. The Romans wore cork soles in their shoes, and as high heels were not then introduced, the Roman ladies who wished to appear taller than they had been formed by nature, put plenty of cork under them. Westmacott, speaking of the bronze recumbent figure of Edward III., in Westminster Abbey, says, "Among the careful details it will be observed the shoes are rights and lefts, erroneously believed to be a very modern fashion of shoemaking."

25th October, 1739.—The Lord Mayor, Micajah Perry, laid the first stone of the Mansion House on this day. The Lord Mayors, before this, generally dwelt in the neighbourhood of the Old Jewry. The Mansion House stands on the site of the old Stocks' Market, built for the sale of fish and flesh by Henry Walis, Mayor, in the reign of Edward I. Before this a pair of stocks had stood there. "At the north end of the market-place," says Strype, "by a water conduit pipe, is erected a nobly great statue of King Charles II. on horseback, trampling on slaves, standing on a pedestal with dolphins cut in nitches, all of freestone, and encompassed with handsome iron grates." This statue was set up on May 29, 1672, and on that day the Stocks' Market ran with claret.

26th October, 1701.—Helen and Judith, the united twin sisters, exhibited near Charing Cross in 1708, first saw the light on this day at Tzoni, in Hungary. They were well shaped and intelligent, with a musical genius, and died in 1723. The ancient name for twins was *twe-ings*—that is, two *ings* or persons. The surname, *Twining*, is derived from this source.

26th May, 1794.—The French convention this day decreed that no quarter should be given to British and Hanoverian soldiers; but the French troops gloriously refused to execute the decree.

> "The brave abroad fight for the wise at home;
> You are but camp chameleons, fed with air;
> Thin fame is all the bravest hero's share."

To give quarter to a prisoner (in war) is to send him to the rear to be lodged and fed by the captors. To refuse quarter is to dispatch the prisoner without mercy.

27th October, 1882.—A woman, named Meakin, and her two children, a boy and girl, residing in Kentish Town, were this day murdered while asleep. The tragedy was first discovered by one of the lodgers in the house, who, surprised at not hearing the family about, went to the rooms occupied by them, and found them with their throats cut, and quite dead. The suspected murderer, the husband and father, Hiram Meakin, disappeared, and was seen on the following morning to jump off one of the buttresses of London Bridge, and, falling upon one of the abutments, was killed.

27th October, 1736.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* of this date says:—"Mr. Robinson, a carpenter, and Mr. Medway, a bricklayer, contracted to build Fleet Market, by the following Midsummer, for £3,970." It was opened for the sale of meat, fish, and vegetables on September 30, 1737; but it did not complete a century of existence here. Farringdon Market was opened in its stead in 1829. "In one commodity, Farringdon does a great business. It is *the* market, *par excellence*, for watercresses. The most popular way of buying watercresses is 'by the hand'—that is, the salesman sells as many handfuls—of his *own* hand, of course—as may be equivalent to the market value of a shilling. The buyer is always careful to see that he or she gets proper measure, and one often hears the admonition, 'Don't pinch your hand, governor!'"

28th October, 1882.—High tides in the Thames occurred this day, the river rising to two feet above the level of the Embankment caused serious injury. The Charing Cross boat-pier was lifted completely out of its enormous girders, and began to float away, but was secured by a tug. At Richmond the old City barge, the *Maria Wood*, sunk. The word city was not used in England until after the Conquest, before which time the metropolis was called Londonburgh.

28th October, 1863.—Sarah Emily Mitchell was this day tried for stabbing her infant child with a dagger, and attempting afterwards to commit suicide. She was acquitted on the ground of insanity. The word dagger is derived from the Spanish *daga*, a sword. It is commonly believed that the dagger in the City Arms was added by Richard II. to commemorate the slaying of Wat Tyler by Sir Richard Walworth, in 1381. This, however, is an error—the City Arms had the dagger long before the time of Walworth. It represents the sword of St. Paul, the patron saint of the Corporation.

29th October, 1872.—On this day an accident of a terrible description might have taken place on the Cornwall Railway, had it not been for the bravery and presence of mind evinced by an engine driver, whose name was Samuel Westlake. A goods train, that should have stopped at St. Austell, shot past the station and could not be brought up. At the same time the mail had left Par, and was approaching the runaway train. Seeing the danger, Westlake backed the engine that he was driving and averted the catastrophe. The first verse of a poem on the event, written by John Harris, the Cornish poet, gives a gentle rebuke to the Laureate, who goes back to early history to find his heroes, whilst they are so many around us in every station of life.

> "Gone is the age of knighthood,
> The palfrey and the squire;
> And he who would revive it,
> But overstrains his lyre.
> Yet there are real heroes,
> Their fellow-men to cheer,
> Without the shining corselet,
> Without the pointed spear."

29th October, 1666.—Pepys, in his diary of this date, speaking of Whitehall, says: "Into the new play-house there, the first time I ever was there, and the first play I have seen since before the great plague; the play being *Love in a Tub*, a silly play, and the whole thing done ill." Pepys, the charming, gossiping diarist was buried on June 4th, 1703, in the Church of All Hallows, Barking, in a vault which he had built in 1664 to receive the remains of his brother. Samuel Pepys's wife had been buried in the vault in the lifetime of her husband.

30th October, 1485.—On this day when King Henry VII. was crowned at Westminster, he instituted the body of royal attendants, called yeoman of the guard, who in later times acquired the appellation of "beef-eaters." They have maintained the same costume, with slight alterations made in 1858, for nearly four centuries; and this costume has had much to do with their attractiveness to sight-seers. The origin of the term is a case of what Dr. Latham calls "words of foreign simulating a vernacular origin." It was originally *beaufetier* or *buffetier* (Fr.), one who attends the *buffet* or sideboard.

30th October, 1793.—Twenty-one members of the French Convention were guillotined on this day.

31st October, 1885.—All-Hallows' Eve, especially famous for those observances which have been wont to take place on it, connected with the superstitious wish of prying into futurity. The same ceremonies of this description appear to have been anciently practised in England, Ireland, and Scotland; but they are now almost universally disused. The well-known poem of Burns' the 'Halloween,' will immortalize the memory of the ancient ceremonies to which it relates.

31st October, 1848.—Viscount Midleton this day committed suicide by igniting a brazier of charcoal in his bedroom. He was found dead on the floor the following morning by one of the servants.

31st October, 1841.—About half-past 10 p.m. this day a sentry of the Scots Fusilier Guards, on the ramparts of the Tower of London, observed a large body of smoke ascending from the small armoury. He at once sounded the alarm, and the garrison turned out. Unfortunately no water could at first be procured, and the loss in stores and buildings was estimated at £200,000. At one time considerable alarm was excited by the approach of the flames to the magazine, which contained about 9,000 tons of powder, which was, however, happily removed and thrown into the moat. The Duke of Wellington, when Constable of the Tower, had the moat dried and laid out as gardens, but the garrison still possess the power of filling it with water if occasion should require.

THE SOLDIER WHO FELL LIKE ONE.

"Oh, let me like a soldier fall!"—
The Dame says she, "Move on!
I want no tipsy soldiers here,
My clean doorstep upon."

The Soldier Singeth.

'Oh, let me like a soldier fall!"—
The Dame says, "Go away!
It's like your imperence, it is,
Arter I've spoke, to stay."

"Oh, let me like a soldier fall!"—
The Dame she says, "You shall:
Here, Emma, where's my gingham gone?
Here, Emma—drat the gal!"

The Soldier still Singeth.

"Oh, let me like a soldier fall!"—
The Dame says, "Wait a bit!
You'll find it by the dresser, child—
Why don't you look for it?"

"Oh, let me like a soldier fall!"—
"Yes, wait a bit, good sir:
Bring it me, Emma, will you, please?—
Your feet, gal, can't you stir?"

The Soldier's Song Ceaseth.

"Oh, let me like a soldier fall!"—
The Dame took deadly aim.
"I rather think you'll be surprised,
Full Private Whatsyourname?"

"Oh, let me like a soldier fall!"—
The Warrior ask'd but that:
The Dame gave him a mighty thwack,
And laid the Warrior flat!

CHEAP LUXURIES.

I HAVE been much moved recently by a little work advocating the adaptation of insects as human food.

This is decidedly a step in the right direction. I have for a long time looked mournfully on at the woeful waste occurring round about me. In those countries where I am led to understand they are rather overdone with locusts, ingenuity is employed in potting and preserving what was once looked upon as rather a nuisance. In Algiers alone, one summer, they are said to have destroyed 14,760,000; and then the rest got away, and came back next year. At Arles and Marseilles one year, 45,000 francs were paid to locust egg collectors (for the purpose of destruction), and the finds were calculated at over 5,250,000,000 eggs.

But my friend, the insect eater, also urges trying worms and caterpillars as a nice change. I've done my share, in my time, at cockles, whelks, and the snails, the French cook and I cordially join my friend when he says worms.

But flies and blue bottles; look at those. How for years past they have been wasted!

For some five years or so at a stretch I was in the habit of dining at a certain restaurant in the Strand. They sold there the most savoury dishes and brownest soup I ever remember—a peculiar brown soup, most appetising, and nowhere else obtainable. Business took me abroad for a couple of years. On my return my restaurant had been pulled down and rebuilt. I entered it. I called for my favourite dishes and the memorable soup. Not a bit like the same thing! Same proprietor? Certainly. Not the same *chef*? Decidedly the same *chef*. What was wrong, then? *They had got rid of the cockroaches.*

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

**** In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire.*

15, SILVER STREET, FALCON SQUARE, E.C.
Oct., 15, 1885.

A. SLOPER, Esq.

SIR,—Relative to your sketch of the last days of Jack Shepherd, about forty years ago, his grave at Willesden was pointed out to me, with the said *handrail*, and several legends were *recited*. Being impressed at the time I took a sketch of the said grave and church, and afterwards did it roughly in water-colour, which I have still by me.—Yours truly, A. W. LLOYD.

22, QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER, W.
16*th October*, 1885.

DEAR ALLY,—To show that you are not forgetten by the fair sex, even in the far South, I send you a copy of a letter, received by me, from a young lady in Texas, South America. *Copy.* "* * * * * * * * I hope you will forgive the past, and don't forget to send me 'ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY' every week, as I and the other girls *do* so look forward to it." Naughty ALLY. How is that for high?—Yours truly, PAUL SIEVIER.

PORTSMOUTH, *Oct.* 17*th*.

SIR,—My object in addressing you is to request your assistance in putting a stop to the irrepressible Blood-Stained Bill, and his bosom friend, Alexandry. It is currently believed in this town, and has been published as a fact by local papers, that on being paid twopence each, they headed a band of eight other juvenile desperadoes, who much disturbed a Liberal meeting at Gosport. Well knowing your detestation of such objects, I appeal to you to inform us whether this is correct, and if it should be (as I have no doubt it will transpire), that you will take steps to prevent the recurrence of such acts of "stupendous folly."—I am, faithfully yours, WM. POTT, *Eatanswill Gazette* Office.

To HIS EMINENCE, A. SLOPER, F.O.S., T.O.E., &c.

AN IDYLL ON NOTHING.

"*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*"—*Vide* "Latin Grammar."

SHALL I write of the gold that I have in my purse,
Or the fame I'll achieve by this eloquent verse,
The vows that I made to that blonde in the spring,
When I swore my affection could never take wing;
Or the sweet words of love that Clarissa last June
Poured into my ear 'neath the light of the moon,
Till—mournfully fall now the tears of my Muse—
She bolted away with a man in the Blues!
The sense that philanthropists show in their lives,
The affection that bishops give other folks' wives;
The patriot's heart or the orator's shame,
Or the photographed beauty's ephemeral fame;
The amount that my tailor will get for his bill,
The blood a Boycotter would falter to spill
Were he sure that the hedge were sufficiently high,
With never a soldier or constable nigh;
Or a passing flirtation at racecourse or ball?
For all these things equal—just nothing at all.

THE TIME *HAS* COME.

My friend Sledger is one of those disagreeable men who never make a mistake. He is always right, and when you get swindled, or have a pocket picked, or lend an umbrella, he pities you with egotistic compassion, and delivers a homily on the text, "Do as I do."

I have been waiting for years to catch him tripping, and have my revenge. Many and many a time I have ground my teeth and whispered to myself, "Ha! ha! No matter! The time *will* come!"

The time has come.

I met Sledger yesterday morning in the park, followed by a valuable black-and-tan terrier, with a large shrill-sounding bell attached to the collar round his neck.

"Nice dog, that of yours, Sledger," I observed, after the customary salutations had passed between us, and we were walking on together.

"Yes, my boy," replied Sledger; "I wouldn't take twenty pounds for that dog! By-the-bye, what has become of that retriever of yours?"

"Haven't you heard?" I answered. "It was stolen last Monday."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sledger, in an aggressively pitying manner; "I'm sorry to hear it, but why don't you follow my example? I never had a dog stolen in my life. Take my word for it, old man, there is nothing like having a good-sized bell round your dog's neck, and so long as that bell is ringing you know that it is all right. I'll show you the sort of bell you ought to have. Here, Tiny, Tiny!" And he turned round, but no Tiny was visible.

"Where is he?" cried Sledger in amazement; "I heard the bell!"

"So did I," I replied, with—I am not ashamed to say—a feeling of wicked joy, "and here it is."

And as I spoke I unfastened it from his coat tail, to which it had been pinned by the man who had carried off the dog.

Joy! Glory!! Triumph!!!

THE GIANT COMIQUE.

WHO I am, what I am, every one knows,
From royal pal down to plain peasant;
I'm lauded, and rightly, wherever I goes,
Because I am always so pleasant.
The ditties I warble are always "ongcored"—
I'll tell you straight what is the reason:
Of thousands who hear me no one's ever bored,
Because all my songs are so pleasin'.
The Giant Comique! the Giant Comique!
Yes, I am, yes, I am the Giant Comique!

MORE APPLICATIONS BEFORE UNCLE BOFFIN.

AT —— Police Court, a respectably dressed woman wanted to know if her daughter's marriage was legal. She stated that, three years since, her daughter, then only seventeen years of age, was induced by a young man to go to church, and they were married. On leaving the church, her husband told her she would see him no more, and left her, going straight back to Utah by the next train. Extraordinary to relate, she didn't want to get him back again. On the contrary, she wanted to have her marriage dissolved. How false and fickle is the human female!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—"Remember, John," said a fond parent to his son, "'tis the early bird that gets the worm." "Quite true, father," said the boy. "There's no accounting for taste, but I should prefer to wait a little longer and get the grub."

"POOR Dick," said Tom to a fellow-servant, "after he took to gambling he never respected his betters." "Yes, he did, though," remarked Harry, "when they paid their bets."

A DAIRYMAID will never make butter unless she can see her whey clear.

EVERY young lady is having her likeness taken nowadays; some even have them stolen.

WANTED, A BOOKKEEPER!—Why, any body with a library could name a dozen.

THE Bell of the season—The muffin bell.

IF you take an early train to go for a day's pleasure, mind you are not knocked up to start with.

WHEN a sailor never sends his wife on shore any money, what kindness is he guilty of?—Unremitting kindness.

WHY are watches like violins?—Why, because watches *tick*, and "Fiddle*stick*," don't you see?

A *Sewing*-up Machine—A court of law.

THE best Sweetheart for a Young Cook.—A raw recruit. They might be admirably *suet*-ed to each other.

FOUR FLIRTS.

THEIR CARDS, AND HOW THEY PLAYED THEM.

Commenced in No. 54.)

QUEEN OF CLUBS—*(Continued.)*

I DECEIVED my good old grandfather who had no suspicion we kept up any kind of communication; and I even went the length of writing Arthur a short note, and sending it by Jerry to the Mere, where all the Lawnborough world was disporting itself upon the ice, to acquaint him that on a certain evening grandfather had promised to sup with Hipson Hawes, and that I should—unless *somebody* chanced to be at the stage-door—have to walk home alone.

"Followed closely by another."

We had very few chances of speaking to each other, for he was as anxious as I that our meetings should be unknown; and his scheme for joining Hawes' dramatic troupe came to nothing, as grandfather remained fixed in his resolve that I should not continue on the stage.

Much to our manager's disgust, he refused to allow me to take part in the new piece, and, moreover, begged and entreated that my engagement for the rest of the pantomime run might be cancelled; but to this Mr. Hawes would not agree except on the payment of a forfeit which was far beyond our very limited means.

However, it was definitely understood that when the pantomime stopped my short theatrical career was to cease.

I was sorry for this, inasmuch as I really loved the profession, but doubly sorry knowing it portended separation from Arthur, and though we both swore that neither time nor distance could ever make any difference in our affection, I confess I had my doubts of the truth of the adage that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Meanwhile, on the occasion of our rare meetings, we indulged in mutual protestations of undying love, and looked forward into Time's perspective, where a day was surely set apart when we should meet never to be separated, till Death's cruel sickle should leave one alone to mourn.

The evening arrived on which I had had the temerity to make an appointment with Arthur, and as I emerged from the stage door, I looked peeringly into the darkness of a black, raw, frosty night.

From the shadow whence I expected one dear familiar form to emerge came two. Arthur first with outstretched hands, followed closely by another, whom I could only discern to be tall, well built, and erect.

Wholly ignoring Arthur, he addressed me, raising his hat as he spoke, and his voice was cold, clear, and deliberate.

"Have I the honour of addressing the young lady known as Estelle?"

"What may be your pleasure with her, sir?" asked Arthur in somewhat of an aggressive tone, but the stranger coolly ignored him.

"The granddaughter of Samuel Sherrard, I believe?"

I made a sign in the affirmative.

"I should like to see your grandfather," he continued.

"You will find him in the theatre," interposed Arthur. "Come, Stella," and he offered me his arm.

The stranger placed himself before us, and, fixing a glass in his eye, deliberately surveyed Arthur up and down.

"An actor, I presume."

"There's nothing to be ashamed of in that," answered Arthur rather hotly. "Please stand aside and let me pass."

"Are you any relation to this young lady?"

"You are inquisitive, sir; but—I am not."

"Thank Heaven!" said the stranger, with a sigh of relief. Then turning to me, he once more removed his hat with stately courtesy, and said, "I have some business with Mr. Sherrard."

"He's in the theatre, I tell you—you'll find him there," interposed Arthur again.

"But I do not choose to find him there, and as I conclude this young lady—his granddaughter—is going home, I shall, with her permission, accompany her."

"My grandfather will not be in for some time," urged I.

"I can wait," he retorted.

"Your company will be an intrusion," said Arthur impatiently.

"Nevertheless you will have to submit to it."

I took Arthur's arm, and we walked together down the narrow court in which this conversation took place and into the High Street, the stranger stalking by my side, not talking himself, but effectually checking the conversation on our part in which we hoped to have indulged.

I lit a lamp in our little parlour, and as he looked round the tiny, poorly-furnished apartment, I had a good opportunity of observing him.

He was a tall fine-looking man of sixty or thereabouts, strikingly handsome and aristocratic in appearance, well preserved, admirably dressed, and with the air of one accustomed to command.

"Spread before him on the table several papers."

"Is it possible you live *here*, my child?" he asked, as he completed his supercilious inspection of the room. I noticed that his tone was far softer and more pleasant than it had been in addressing Arthur, and I was specially struck by the epithet "my child;" moreover, as he turned his face towar me, I saw, or fancied I saw, a glitter in his steel-blue eyes as if there ere tears behind them. I think it must have been so, for he turned from me and spread before him on the table several papers.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

A FIRST NIGHT.

Small Author (to Big Actress) It will be a great success!!!

How they used to run for the Sandown Autumn Cup a good many years ago.

I hope you will never marry another while I live, dear, like they say naughty Mr. Malcolm did.

M'NAB, THE ELDER, OF THAT ILK.

*** *After leaving* ALLY *in London, Mr. M'Nab was obliged to visit the Lake District, to survey the county between Lakes Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, the site for the proposed canal. Immediately he got home, his troubles commenced again.*

1. "And dae ye mean tae tell me, Tammie," said the elder, his fine feelings of justice greatly shocked, "that ye've been poaching on the Muckle Laird's ilk?"

2. "Let me look at yer gun, Tammie; it mun be an unca fine one—" "Mind," said Tammie, "it's loaded."

3. "And maybe, Tammie, ye widna mind giving me the *birds* as weel." N.B.—*Tammie didn't.*

4. "A ill set the Laird on *you*, M'Nab, me mon, or my name's no Tammie M'Farritch."

5. "It's ma solemn duty to inform you, Laird, that that scoondril M'Nab's been poaching on your ilk."

6. "Poachin'," said the Laird. "A'ill belabbor poachin' oot o' the villin's heed." And off he went like a Lion.

7. But soon returned like unto a Lamb, and done up in a cast-off suit of M'Nab's to boot.

8. A War Party—*i.e.*, two gamekeepers—are sent to take it out of him. N.B.—*What they can.*

9. Return of the War Party—enquiring feebly if anybody can tell them of a place called the "Hielans" aboot.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, &c.

Scotch Tourist. Can you tell me if this is a High Church, my man

Labourer. Hout ay, man, it's got a gall'ry on't.

ILLUSTRATED ADVTS.

"The widow of a naval officer in reduced circumstances, would be thankful for any sum, however small, to assist in purchasing a sewing machine. Address, *Dewdrop*, No. 1, Queer Street."

Pure Village Maiden. I will seek safety in the old cottage. [*Will she?*

MORE IRISH DIFFICULTIES.

From the improbable to the impossible.

Master. Patrick, find out Jim, and tell him to speak with me.

Patrick. I will if I find him, sorr; but what will I tell him if I don't

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